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FAMILY
HISTORY
MCBRIDE

c15

McBride Letters

Robert McBride

CIVIL WAR LETTERS

TO

RACHEL S. McBRIDE

Donated by:
Lurah Putt DeVoe Phillips

ile to him.

Brother Bradwell was here this fall and held a meeting for us we had a good meeting there was fine audience at the meeting we have prayer meetings every Thursday night and we never forget to ask God to remember the poor soldier on the battle field.

Mr. Robinson was down here the other day and made me a visit his mother was with her she lives with them they have a sweet babe their hearts is built up in that child but they know not what they are raising her for they hold no correspondence whatever with Slave our children go to school I have been sewing for other folks and have done a good deal of heavy sewing and have some to do yet but my sheet is full I must close by begging you to write to me and tell us how you yet along tell us where David is if you can get and all the news you can give up his address and we will try and write to him so no more but we remain your brother and sister in the one hope of the Lord Jesus give our love to Rachell & Bridgette and mother and father



THE WIN FOR THE UNION

West 21st 166

the 1st as this is Sunday.

coming and having a few easier moments I could not think how I could spend it more pleasantly than to address one who I dearly love and one who I deeply sympathize with in trouble.

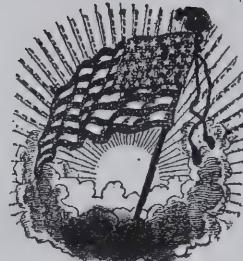
yes Rachell I do feel as though your cup of sorrow was about full for we heard that David was drafted and had to leave home and all be held dear and go forth in service of his country its hard but we have to submit and if we were not for the strong and valiant we would

certainly crush under the load
we have to sometimes bear, but
let us trust in him whose
mighty arm is able to sustain
us in all our afflictions and
who has promised to be with us
in our trouble and not forsaking us
in the seventh. Little did I think
when we parted that evening on
the corners, that we should hear
such sad news. I have looked
all fall for a letter from you
but have not received any. I
therefore though I would write
and find out what was the
matter. I suppose the reason was
on account of trouble and probably
want of time. I cannot think it
is for want of friend ship. Oh no
but I do pity those who have
such trouble to go through.

Hope those few broken sentences
may find you the same. Huds
folks are all well except their
baby little sara is very sick she
has been sick for over 4 weeks
and her dad has been dispair of
but we hope she is a little better
but we fear we shall loose the
ear little one for she is a sweet
babe and we all love her brother
Glasons folks are tolerable well
for them winter Glason has
been sick a good deal this fall
but is better now they still
hear from their boy he was
well the last they heard from
him. we have not heard from
John Lewis for a long time he
was sick in the Hospital at
Washington the last we heard
and we already the result he told
us not to write to him until

When you write tell me whether you
got the money from Mr. Sker if you did
after you have paid what
have we try and get the rest of it
changed into United States money
But I have not time to write more
I will send you three postage stamps
so as I can use them here get rid
of them if you can write as soon as you
get this kiss the babies for me and
tell them to the good children for me
at present

Friedr. F. C. Krede



Our Flag is still there.

1862

Burnside's Barracks Nov 1st

Dear wife and children and
friends generally I take my
pen this afternoon to write

you another letter to let you

know what I have not forgotten you
amid the confusion by which I am surrounded
so dear ones my thoughts are constantly upon
those I left ~~you~~ at home and I have looked
anxiously for a letter from you for the
last ~~ten~~ days but have not received any
yet but I hope I may get one tomorrow
I am well except a bad cold which I took
a month ago last Saturday when it snowed
all day and we had to sleep on the
ground but we have been accommodated in
the Barracks where we have good houses low
floors and Stoves and a comfortable place
I don't expect to winter here although
there is some talk of sending us down to
Mass. It also seems to me

Yesterday was a lunder and all
was the first day we spent
in this place and I will try
to tell you how it was. At 6 o'clock
we was awakened by the firing of canon
and we then had 15 minutes to dress and
wash and get ready for roll call and after
that we had Breakfast and then drill one
hour and then the rest of the day was
spent in all manner of employment but
the majority of the men were engaged
in playing cards. I spent my time in
reading my testament in which I find
great comfort and consolation. we have a man
in our company that is a Disciple preacher
that is a smart intelligent man. On Saturday
of the noon I witnessed a sight that was
a sight indeed it was the practice of a
Battery of artillery it was a splendid - ~~display~~
today I saw about 400 men on parades on
about 50 acres of ground. The men

the city of Indianapolis and in private
sight at Camp Morton where there is
about 8000 men encamped most of whom
paroled prisoners; while we was in camp
I never saw three men shot for in
trying to break guard they were drafted men
one of them was shot with 2 balls in the
breast and died the next morning the others
was alive. The last I heard of them there was
two recruiting officers got into a fight the
officer ~~on~~ a day and one of them attack the
other with a knife in 4 places and let his
guts out the last time he struck him
the drafted men that did not volunteer is that
in a camp rebellion and I would not rather be
in the penitentiary than there here we have
better fare and more of it and are comfortably
situated George Cushman and Charles Wright
~~have~~ gone into a company of artillery and they
runed to meet with them John Brand and other
John Grier and Jacob Shoemaker have



863

emociatio par-
ust win, vic
Union ;
The Judge
of the party

MARRIED

In Franklin township, March 7, 1863, Mr. R. Worth, Mr. Wm. B. McQUEEN and Miss OLIVIA BEARD, both of Franklin township.

In Norristown, March 22d, by Rev. R. Worth, Mr. John A. MADDEN and Miss MARY S. WALLACE, both of Wilmington township.

DIED

In Franklin township, March 24, 1863, Mrs. SA-
JONES, widow of Nathaniel Jones, aged 83
years, 5 months and 17 days.

On the steamer Vernon, of camp
Savannah, Mr. McMurtry, a private in Co. C,
10th Regt. N.Y. Vols., aged 20 years, 6 months and 27
days.

In Smithfield township, Jan. 27th, 1863, Mrs.
MARY CORBIN, in the 75th year of her age.

The funeral services will be held on Sunday, at
1 o'clock, P.M., April 12th, at the School House, at
Corbin's Corners; Rev. Wm. LACEY officiating.
All friends of the deceased are invited.

ANY ONE
Have a R

Every man who goes
try, or who remains at
the success of our arm
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of the United S
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Evansville Hospital Ind. Jan. 12th 1862

Kind Friend - I reisceved yours of the 1st & read it with much pleasure. Altho you are a stranger to me, yet it repays me for all my labor to receive the thanks of friends of our sick & deceased Soldiers. Thanks to God that some are Soldiers of the Crop as well as Soldiers of the land. My letter must be as brief as possible as my spare moments are few & I have two other letters to answer this evening. I do not remember the date of month when your brother came to the Marine Hospital but 'twas between the 8th & 12th of Dec. he was there 18 or 20 days before he died. He was exceedingly patient & uncomplaining. he complained of his back paining him more than any thing else. I thought him better until the morning before he died he then seemed to be flighty & would talk about going to Waterloo to the Reg.mt I told him the Reg.mt was at Henderson & he said it was not & we could not make him believe it for he said he had been to Waterloo & back that morning & he saw all his friends there & the Reg.mt was there too. & he would talk when we were not by his bed as tho he was talking to his father & mother & would rise

up in his bed frequently & start to crofs the room if we did not hinder him. & say he wanted to go to his father for he had come after him but we could always get him to lie down & rest I spoke to the surgeon about his being so wild & he thought perhaps his disease was broken. he would frequently speak Rachels name but I did not know who he meant until Mr. Lock told me. I asked him what he wanted of her & he said he saw you there. He continued to be in this state until he died unlefs when we sat down I talked with him a while. he would then become rational, but we did not any of us consider him dangerous until afternoon I went out to get some clothes & when I came back the Dr. met me at the door & said "I guess he will go". I asked him who & he said Shatto. I could not believe it until my husband told me of ths pafsgage of blood which was about 3 pints. We gave up all hopes then but sent for the Surgeon. he pronounced him lost he requested me to make some wine panada which if operated without the lof s of more blood he thought was the only hope. We did everything to keep him. I made mustard plaster for his ankles & bathed him with turpentine. I tried everything but he had another pafsgage at dark just the same. We knew he was bleeding to death. I then tolle him he was going to die. Says he I am...well I am willing. I am no better to die than anyone else. I am perfectly willing. I have tried to be a good boy. This is his own language word for word. He then said he wanted to see Rachel & I asked him what I should write to his parents he said "Tell them I would love to see them but cannot". little Bentz he wanted to see. When he grew so bad a great number gathered around his bed and he looked up up says he "I wish yould go away & not get up here so near me." I asked him if he wanted we should all go away & he said "No not now I want you to stay here but what makes them folks come & look at me so?" I told him he was dying & they wanted to see him once more. He suffered no pain after he commenced bleeding. He lingered along until next morning which was Sunday morning & died without one struggle. The Dr. says "The Lord giveth & the Lord taketh away" He was a good and noble boy but has gone to a better world where I hope we will all meet him. I get along well. My husband is now at Calhoun but I expect him on every Boat. I must close by thanking you for your kind letter & hope you will write again direct as you did before. I received one from your father last week also no more but remain your friend Mrs. Eliza S. Burch

This letter was written to Rachel after the death
of her brother John L. Shatto. He died at
Evansville Ind. in service of his country
during the Civil War. Lurah J. DeKee

Evansville. Hospital Ind. Dan 12th 1862

Kind Friends

I received yours of the 1st & read it with much pleasure. Altho' god see a stranger to me, yet it repays me for all my labor to receive the thanks of friends of our sick & deceased Soldiers. & thanks to God that some are Soldiers of the Cross as well as Soldiers of the land, My letter must be as brief ~~as possible~~ as my ~~possible~~ ~~as few~~ ~~as I have time~~ other letters to answer this evening.

I do not remember the date of month when your brother came to the Marine Hospital but 'twas between the 8th & 12th of Dec & he was there 18 or 20 days before he died. He was exceedingly patient & uncomplaining. He complained of his back paining him more than any thing else. I thought him better until the morning before he died he then seemed to be flighty & would talk about going to Waterloo to the Regt. I told him the Regt. was at H. Anderson & he said it was not & we could not make him believe it for he said he had been to Waterloo back that morning & he saw all his friends there & the Regt. was there too. & he would talk when we were not by him as ~~as~~ he was talking to his father, & brother & would rise

July 18th 1858
Died in bed accidentally & started to walk the room. if we did not hinder him. & say he wanted to go to his father for he had come after him. but we could always get him to his stool & rest. I spoke to the Surgeon about his being so wild & he thought perhaps his disease was broken. he would frequently speak Rachels name but I did not know who he meant until Mr. Lock told me. I asked him what he wanted of her & he said he saw you there. He continued to be in this state until he died. except when we sat down & talked with him awhile. he would then become rational, but would not any of us consider him dangerous. until afternoon I went out to get some clothes & when I came back the Dr. met me at the door & said, "I will go & I need you & he said, ~~Let me~~ I could not believe it until my husband told me of the passing of blood which was about 3 pints we gave up all before then, but sent for the Surgeon & he pronounced him lost & requested we make some vine panada which is operate without the loss of more blood. he thought was the only hope we did everything to keep him. I made mustard plaster for his ankles & bathed him with turpentine & tried every thing but he had no pulse for a full half an hour & we knew he was bleeding to death. I then told him he was going to die, says he "Am I? well I am willing. I am now better to die than anyone else. I am perfectly willing to have tried to be a good boy" this is his last dying words of word I he then said he wanted to see Rachel & I asked him what I should write to his parents he said, "tell them I won't love to see them but cannot & little Betty he wanted to see, when he grew so bad a great number gathered around his bed & he looked up & says he "I wish you'd go away & not get up here so near me. I do not like it if he wanted we should go away & he said "no not now I want you here" but who makes them folks come & look at me so? I told him he was dying & they would to see him no more, he suffered no pain after he commenced bleeding. he lived along until next morning which was Sunday morning & died without one struggle & the Dr. says "The Lord give him the good battle" ^{now}

He was a good noble boy but has gone to a better world where I hope we will meet him & get along well. My husband is now at Galton but I expect him on every boat & don't close by thanking you for your kind letter & before you will write again direct us you did before. I received one from our brother last week also a more but remain & our friend Mrs. Eliza D. French

Civil War Letters

These are letters David A. McBride sent to his wife Rachel Samantha Shatto (McBride.) They were sent to her while he was serving in the Civil War.

If my family doesn't want any of these please give to Jenny King Phillips.

Lurah J. DeVoe
March 6, 1990

October 9, 1984

Dear Lurah:

Here at last is the material I promised you, and I am very sorry to have taken so long about it.

After I got to the bank, and got the letters out of the box, and then waited until the day I went to Opera office to have use of the copy machine, found I was not satisfied with the copies, not legible enough, and so I took the time to type off the material from the originals, which is sometimes much more readable. As you can imagine, the letters are in very poor condition, and I intend to encase them into plastic sheets in a book--it will have to be clear on both sides, as many letters are written on both sides.

Paper must have been very valuable in those days, for I note they never used more than one sheet, and in one case the lady wrote around the sides and ends, in order to get on all her last minute thoughts (gossip). I loved that one, for it showed her basic prejudices, after all her religious platitudes and her preoccupation with illness and death. Guess that was the life then, and a little gossip livened up an otherwise intolerable life.

I did mean what I said, that I hoped we could get together more often when you get moved to Florida, and I surely would like to be of help in the genealogy work, even tho I do not have the training in it that you have.

After we were on the trip to Indiana, we made a second trip to North Carolina to assist Martha in moving out of her house and into a condo town-house of her own. It was very traumatic for her, and for her daughters also.

I have underlined some errors in the letters, to show they were not typos, but the way actually written. Reading these was very moving to me, and I know you will make good use of them. I have sent Martha copies of the typewritten copies, just for her enjoyment. She is continuing as Regent of her chapter, even tho working, as she can get off for her meetings

Certainly hope you can get your house fixed up and sold as you plan, and get moved to Florida where everyone lives longer and happier.

Much love,

Doris

LOIS RUTH WILSON LEHMAN
DA. OF HAZEL BRUGH WILSON (SMITH)
GRANDAUGHTER OF EMMA MC BRIDE
GR. GRANDAUGHTER OF RACHEL
SAMANTHA SHATTO (MC BRIDE) HARMS
+ DAVID A. MC BRIDE

Monday Ravenna Feb. 3rd/62.

Dear wife and children I improve the present opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know that I got through safe and well I got to Cleveland on Sunday morning about 6 o'clock and then had to take it afoot the rest of the way I got into the neighbourhood last night and got here at Uncle Charses about an hour ago and found them all well but I have not found any body that knows me yet if I dont find some body soon that knows me I shal think I am a Stranger in these parts and leave for home You may tell Joel that I did not stop at Berea and can tell him nothing about his folks at the present tell him that I can tell him nothing

about Sheep more than this that Saw a man in Toledo with 2 car loads that he paid three dollars a head for in Leneway County in Michigan that will Everage about like his that he was offered 3 dollars and 40 cts in Toledo but would not take it and went on to the City tell him that Leas went no further than Cleveland and he will be at home on Wednesday of this week I cant tell what day I shal start home but dont get uneasy about me Kiss the babies forty times for me and tell them to be good children for I said so but I must close for the present

So farewell for the present

David A McBride to R S McBride

Monday
Laconia Feb 3rd '62

Dear wife and children :
improve the present or remain
of writing you a few lines to tell
you know that I got through
safe and well I got to Cleveland
on Sunday morning about 6 o'clock
and then had to take it about
the rest of the way I got into
the neighbourhood last night and
got here at Renell Charles about an
hour ago and found them all well
but I have not found ~~any~~ body
that knows me yet ~~as~~ I don't
find some body soon that knows
me S. shall ~~think~~ I am a stranger
in these parts and have for some
you may tell Pock that I did
not stop at Berea and can tell him
nothing about his folks at the prison
tell him that I can tell him nothing

about either more than this
that ~~is~~ ~~is~~ a man in?

Toledo with 2 car loads that he
paid \$3 three dollars a head for in
Lenawee County in Michigan that
will ~~be~~ ~~be~~ coverage about like this
that he was offered 3 dollars and 45cts
in Toledo but would not take it and
went on to the City tell him that
Leas went no farther than Cleveland and
he will be at home on Wednesday of
this week I can't tell what day I ~~will~~
start home but don't get ~~an~~ ~~any~~
about one kiss the babies forty times
for we are ~~all~~ ~~all~~ tell them to be good children
for I said so but I must close
for the present. No farewell for the
present

David Dafford

to R. Dafford

(?) Ind. Jan. 26th 1862

Dear Sister in Christ I avail myself the evening of addressing a few of my wandering
though to one that I esteem highly one that I often think of and one that I would
be very glad to see. although not many miles intervene yet we do not see each
other very often Yes Rachel I well remember your dear brother that you gave me
an interduction to that evening at the Lockhearts school house little did I think
when shook the hand of greeting it would be the last hear on earth but it is
appointed unto man once to die and after death the judgment it is very hard to
part with our dear friends but we know that it is the decree that has gone forth
that sooner or later we must all die the old must die the young may die it
was a hard triel no doubt to part with him when he went forth in defense of his
country with the patriotic boys of DeKalb but you had a point hope that he would
return to your fond embrace but he went forth and fell not by the cannon or sword
but by the relentless hand of death but you have a hope big with immortality that
you shall see him again

not in a soldiers garb but clad in the habiliment of immortal Glory O Rachel those
are encouraging thoughts thoughts that cheer your lonely hours thoughts are sweet in
a dying hour we all have our troubles in this world my dear brother has gone to
try the secnes of a camp life he lay sick in Hospital the same time your Brother
dide he wrote to us of his death but the lord spared his life as, for we as know
it may be for good and perhaps he may live to come back to our fond embrace or
perhaps he is spard to meet a more cruel fate but he is in the hands of providence
and in him we trust Sister Gleason wishes me to say she deeply sympathises with you
She has trouble to bare She has a son in the army and this fall she lost her
youngest little girl she dide the 13 of Nov. with the tyfoid fever after a lingering
illness she did adieu to this world she was seven years old and was tenderly
entwined around their hearts, but she is at rest till the trump of God shall call
her forth to reign with him in Glory. but I will say something about our meetings
we meet every sunday last fall Bro. Hadsell was hear and held a meeting for us we
had eight additions 6 by immersion Gideon was among the number Charles

barr and Ema and Sarah barr the others you did know it was truly an interesting
meeting and made our hearts rejoice. I do not know as I have much news to write
I would like to see you very much and lucy give my love to lucy and father and
mother McBride tell them I would like to see them Write again when convenient for
I am glad to hear from you my love to you and David Gideon joins me in love to
you all so no more at preasant I remain your effectuation friend and well wishes.
Remember me

E C Davis Rachel S McBride

Weep not for your Brother O Rachel weep not
For his troubels and triels are ore
For he paid the debt we all must pay
And he'll range that sunbright shore

He'll rest in his grave till the trump shall call
And his sleeping dust shall arise
All bright and fair you'll meet him their
And range on that sunbright shore

O weep no more for the dear loved ones
For he never can come unto you
But O prepare for to meet him there:
And with him range that sunbright shore.

For O it'll be sweet when we all shall meet
The dear one that's gone on before
O sweet it will be when we kneel at his feet:
And we will range that sunbright shore.

For the time will come when we'll all go home
Where sorrow and sighing near come.
And we will weep no more for those who have gone on before
But we will range that sunbright shore
By E C Davis

Please excuse this poor writing and composition for my pen was rather poor but Rachel
these lines are the true sentiments of my heart For I do believe if we are faithful
the little time we have to spend hear on earth their is an everlasting inheritance
prepared for the faithful followers of the meek and loly lamb of God

weep no more for the dear loved ones
that we have now gone unto you
but I prepare for to meet him there
and with him range that sunbright shore

How still be sweet when we all shall meet
The dear ones that's gone on before
O sweet it will be when we kneel at his feet
and we will range that sunbright shore

For the time will come when we all go home
When sorrow and sighing near come
that we weep no more for those who have gone before
But we will range that sunbright shore

Now sharing the thought if we are true to our trust
We will meet our friends up there
and bask in his smiles and feast on his love
While ranging that sunbright shore

By C C Davis

Please excuse the poor writing and composition
for my pen was rather poor but Rachel
these lines are the true sentiments of my heart
And I do believe if we are faithful the little time
we have to spend here on earth there is an
enduring inheritance prepared for the faithful

Philadelphia Jan 20th 1862

Dear sister in Christ

I avail myself this morning of addressing a few of my
wandering thoughts to one that I esteem highly one that
I often think of and one that I would be very glad to
see, although not many months intervening yet we do not
speak other very often. Yes Rachel I well remember your

dear brother that you gave me an introduction to that morning
after his death school house little did I think when
I shook the hand of greeting it would be the last hand
on earth that it was appointed mine ever to draw
after death the judgment. It is very hard to part with
dear friends but we know that it is the decree
that has gone forth that sooner or later we must all
die the old must die the young may die it was in
that dear now doubtless part with him when he

went forth in defense of his country with the patriot
boys of Shiloh but you had a faint hope that he
would return to your fond embrace but he went
forth and fell not by other canon or sword but by
the relentless hand of death but you have a hope
that you shall see him again

Not in a soldier's garb but clad in the habiliments
of immortal glory O Rachel thou art encouraged
thoughts thoughts that cheer you, long by hours though
we dwell in a dying house we all know our trouble in
this world my dear brother Henry gone to try the scenes
of a camp life he lay sick in Hospital the same
time your brother died he wrote to us of his death
but the world spared his life as for we knew it may
be for your soul and perhaps he may live to come back in love to you all so no more at present I remain
in our fine infirmary or perhaps he is spared to meet
a more cruel fate but see if in the hands of provide
and in him is trust Sister Gleason wished me to
say she deeply sympathizes with you She has trouble
to share she has a son in the army and they fall
she lost her youngest little girl she died the 13 of Oct
with the typhoid fever after a lingering illness she
had added to this world she was seven years old and
was tenderly entwined around their hearts but she
is at rest till the trumpet of God shall call her
forth to reign with him on Glory but I will say
something about our meetings we meet every Sunday
last fall Bro Hadsell always here and I held a
meeting for us we had eight additions to our
congregation Gideon was among the number that day

bare and Ezra and Sarah bare the other man
did you know it was truly an interesting meeting
and made our hearts rejoice I do not know what
I have much news to write I would like to tell you very
much and Lucy give my love to Lucy and father and
Mother McBride tell them I would like to see them
write again when convenient for I am glad to hear
from you my love to you and David Gideon joins me
in love to you all so no more at present I remain

your affectionate friend and well-wisher Remembrance
E. C. Davis
Rachel McBride

Keep not far your Brother O Rachel weep not
For his troubles and trials are over
For he paid the debt we all must pay
and full range that sunbright shore

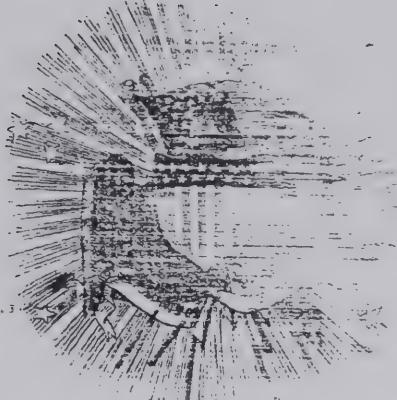
With rest in his grave till the trumpet shall call
and his slumbering soul shall arise
full bright and fair you'll meet him there
and range o'er that sunbright shore

Oct. 25/6

(Color ~~is~~ print of flag, in red, white & blue on folded statichery)

Camp Sullivan: Dear wife and friends. I seat my self on the ground with my paper on the head of a drum to write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I am well as can be common and hope those few lines will find you all well the rest of the boys are well as far as I know there has been three of our country boys poisoned since they came to Camp. Jake Root and one of the Tower boys but they are getting better now they got poisoned by bying fries of peddlars in the camp. I am in the same mess with Casner and Fail we have went into a volunteer company in the 4th Regiment for 11 months unless sooner discharged we expect to get out of this camp in a day or two

and go to Camp morton where we will have good quarters the reason we left the drafted men is bonus we wanted to get out of this place for purpose of getting better usage and getting out of here we are not permitted to leave the camp ground; it is snowing this morning and the ground is covered with snow and it looks very dreary but :oh the confusion that is around me is enough to ~~confusion~~ set the world and the rest of mankind crasy you may tell my Mr. Casselmans folks that George has volunteered to go in the artillery he left on Wednesday John Brand and Jake Shoemaker have gone to the Cavalry they left last night Charley Triplet went with George Casselman now Rachel please to kiss the babies for me and tell them to be good children and dont fret nor worry about me I get all I want to eat and drink and sleep comfortable and have had nothing ~~to~~ do yet but but when we get ^{new} ~~new~~ ^{foot} to the other camp we will have to go to drilling tell Harriet that I sent that letter to George on Tuesday the Sch said he thought it would go to him without fail when you write direct to Camp Sullivan Indianapolis Care of Capt. Carter 54 Reg. Ind Vols —— my fingers are getting so cold I can hardly write so I must close dont send them likenesses until you hear from me again and then I can tell you how to direct them So farewell ~~for~~ ^{for} the present David A. McBride



4

Camp 9 15th M^{er}

Dear wife and friends

I sat my self on
the ground with a
paper on the head of
a drum to write you

a few lines to let you know how

I am getting along I am well as ~~I~~
~~I~~ common and hope those few lines
will find you all well the rest

of the boys are well as far as
I know there has been three of our

country boys poisoned since they
came to Camp Take Root and one
of the Lower boys but ~~the~~ are

getting better now they got poisoned
by eating pieces of ~~peas~~ beans in the camp

I am in the same mess with Casner

and a tail we have written into a volunteer

company in the 54th Regiment for

11 months and soon as dis charged we expect
to get out of this camp in a day or two

and go to Camp Morton where we
will have good quarters the reason we left
the enlisted men is because we wanted
to get out of this place for the
sake of getting better usage and getting out
of here we are not permitted to leave
the camp ground; it is snowing this
morning and the ground is covered
all over and it looks very dreary
but with the confusion that is around
me is enough to ~~confuse~~ set the world
and and the rest of mankind crazy
you may tell Mr. Basselman's folks
that George has volunteered to go in the
artillery and left on wednesday & John Brand
and Captain Shoemaker have gone to the
Cubans they left last night. Charlie
Highley went with George Basselman
and we plan to kiss the babies for
me and tell them to be good children
and don't feel nor worry about me
I don't want to eat and drink
and I don't comfortable and have had nothing

to do out but when we get
to the other camp we will have to
go to打仗 left Harriet that
I sent that letter to George on tuesday
the 9th & P. B. said I thought it would
go to him without fail when you
write direct to Camp Sullivan
Indianapolis care of Capt. Carter 54
Reg. And P. B. said my fingers are
getting so cold I can hardly write
so I must close don't send them
likenesses until you hear from me
again and then I can tell you how
to direct them to farewell for
the present David St. Brie.

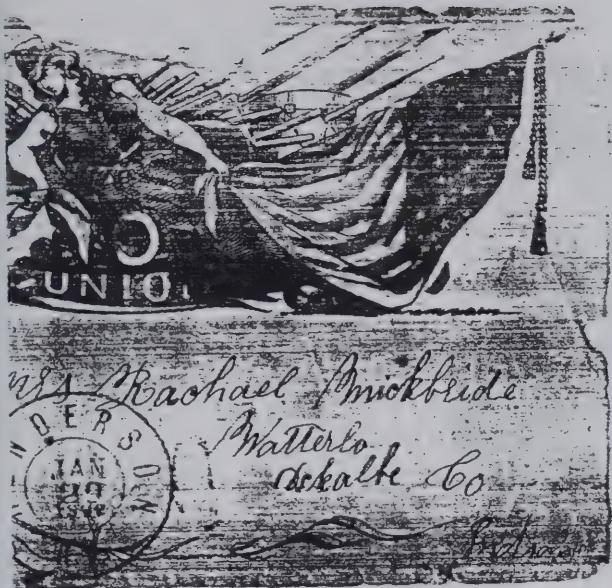
Colorful envelope front, "Union" with a maiden, flag and cannon and picture (Geo. Washington?) ribbon below "Liberty's Defenders"
Postmarked Henderson, Ky. Jan. 29, 1863

This was found with the poem about slavery, signed by David A. McBride. The envelope is dated 11 days after his death. Was it found and mailed by someone else after his death? Envelope is addressed to Mrs. Rachael Wickbride, Waterlo, Dekalbe Co. Indiana. (note misspellings)

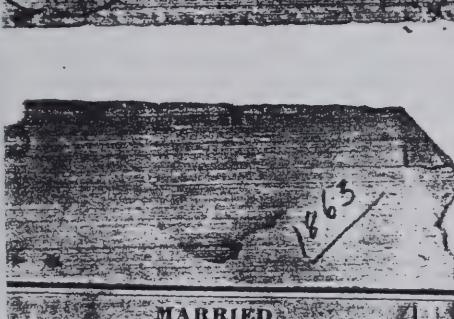
His name has gone throughout the world/ Free labor soil and men/ But slaves had better far be hurled/ Into the Lions den. / Fare you well Ohio I'm not safe in thee / I'll travel on to Canada where colored man is free/ I'm now embarked for yonder shore/ Where men are men by law/ The vessel soon will bear me ore/ To shake the lions paw/ I no more fear the auctioneer/ Nor dread my masters frown/ I no more tremble when I hear the baying negro hound/ Old master dont think hard of me / I'm just in sight of Canada where colored men are free/ I'm landed safe upon that shore/ Both sole and body free/ My blood and sweat and tears no more/ Shall drench old tennasee/

Look bhold the scalding tears/ Is streaming from my eyes/ To think my wife my own dear wife/ A slave must live and die/ Oh Susannah O don't you cry for me/ Forever at a throne of grace I will remember thee

David A. McBride



1859 Rachael Amickbride
Walterlo
DeKalb Co



1863
MARRIED
In Franklin township, March 17, by Rev. R. W. Will, Mr. W. H. McQUEEN and Miss OLIVIA BRENT, both of Franklin township.

In Newington, March 22d, by Rev. R. W. Will, Mr. JOHN A. MADDEN and Miss MARY S. WALLACE, both of Wilmington township.

DIED.

In Franklin township, March 24, 1868, Mrs. SARAH JONES, consort of Nathaniel Jones, aged 53 years, 5 months, and 17 days.

At 12 m. on the steamer "COLUMBIA" of the COLUMBIA RIVER MAIL CO. from Astoria to Portland, Oregon, aged 53 years, 5 months and 17 days.

In Springfield township, Jan. 24th, 1863, MARY ROBINSON, in the 75th year of her age. The funeral services will be held on Sunday, 6 o'clock P.M. April 8th, at the School House, Robins' Corners, Troy. W. J. LACEY, official. Friends of the deceased are invited.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

1863
N
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BRA
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Every man who goes
to war and remains at
the success of our arm
ed armed treason, etc.
of the United States
calling ev

Her name has gone throughout the
free labor Soil and water
But slaves had fitter far to be hunted
into the lions den

fare you well ohio I am not safe in this
I'll travel on to canada where colored men

I am now embarked for gender shore
Where men are men by law

The wind soon will bear me on

to shake the lions paw

I no more fear the executioner

nor dread my masters frown

I no more tremble when I hear

The barking negro hounds

Old master dont think hard of me

I am just in sight of land

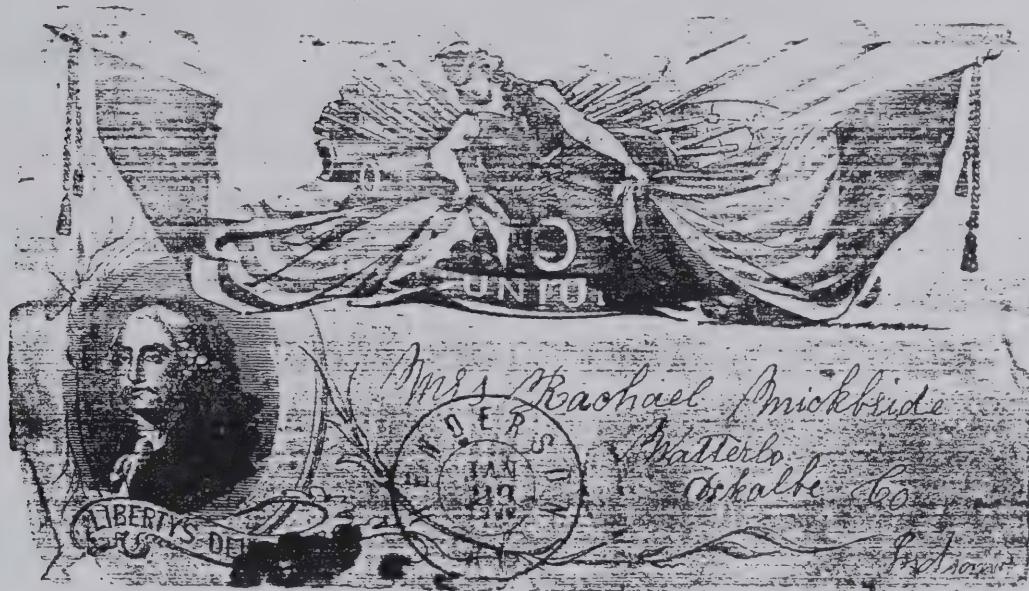
I am landed safe upon the shore

Both sole and body free

Offy soil and sweet water never

shall stink old times

DAVID MCBRIDE'S DEATH



democratic party
just win, vice
Union;
The Judge
of the party.

MARRIED.
In Franklin township, March 23d, by Rev. R. Worth,
Mr. W. H. McQUEEN and Miss OLIVIA BEARD,
both of Franklin township.
In Norristown, March 25th, by Rev. R. Worth,
Mr. JOHN A. MADDEN and Miss MARY S. WALLACE,
both of Wilmington township.

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democratic party
will win victory
Union."

The Judge
of the party

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MARRIED.

In Franklin township, March 17, by Rev. R. Worth
Mr. W. H. MCGEEEN and Miss OLIVIA BEARD
both of Franklin township.

In Norristown, March 22d, by Rev. R. Worth
Mr. JOHN A. MADDEN and Miss MARY S. WALLACE
both of Wilmington township.

DIED.

In Franklin township, March 24, 1868, Mrs. SA-
RA JONES, widow of Nathaniel Jones, aged 53
years, 5 months and 17 days.

On the 19th on the chamber of Vernon, of camp
fever, Mrs. MCBRIDE, a private in Co. A, 3d
Regt. Ind. Vol., aged 26 years, 6 months and 27
days.

In Smithfield township, Jan. 27th, 1863, Mrs.
MARY CORBIN, in the 75th year of her age.

The funeral services will be held on Sunday, at
1 o'clock, P.M., April 12th, at the School House, at
Corbin's Corners; Rev. Wm. LACEY officiating.
All friends of the deceased are invited. 31*

3
BRA
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Every man who goes
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the success of our art
out armed treason, s
of the United S
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Newspaper clipping

Died

In Waterloo City, May 1, 1863, of Consumption Robert E. Long, aged 36 years.

Lines on the death of DAVID A. McBRIDE, a private in Co. G. 54th Reg. Ind. Vcls., who died of camp disease, on the steamer Die Vernon, Jan. 19, 1863. Published by request of Mrs. Rachel S. McBride.

Farewell my dear husband, I here yet remain,
But if I live faithful, I'll meet you again
In a world that is free from sorrow and pain
Where no more will be heard the cries of the slain.

Where no fierce storm or tempest, or thunder shall roll,
Where the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul;
Where peace, joy and pleasure forever shall reign,
We'll live there together with God and the Lamb.

Oh! hard was the time when we bid thee farewell,
From the scenes of thy home, O, no one can tell,
The tears of deep sorrow how freely did flow,
When the time it did come that bid thee to go.

Away from thy friends in a far distant land,
To meet the proud foe in a southern clime;
While there among strangers, far from thy home,
Away from thy friends, thou must die alone.

No loved one was there to soothe thy death bed,
No darling sweet babe one lone tear to shed;
But far from strangers, thou must die alone,
Far, far from thy friends and the pleasures of home.

But sweet is the thought when freed from all care,
We will meet with our loved-one that has gone on before;
Their aid the sweetest of music forever to reign,
All praise shall be given to God and the Lamb.

E. C. D.

Flint (?) Feb. 22nd 1863

Dear Sister I take the opportunity this afternoon of answering your very kind letter which came to hand in due time and found us tolerable well although sickness and death are around us on every hand yet we are the spared monuments of his amazing mercy who doeth all things well. There is a great deal of sickness around us and a great many deaths father is dead he died Jan, 30th after a lingering illness of about 2 months in which time he sufferd every thing that mortal man could suffer but he died as he had lived a Christian he seemed sensible to the very last and exhorted us all to be faithful and be ready to meet him in a better world then this a few hours before he died while we were standing around his bedside weeping (for we could not help weeping for so kind a father) he reach out his hand to Mother and bid her farewell he then bid us all farewell that was there and we were all their but Rebecca and poor George he you know had gone to try the realities of an unseen world not quite a year before and Rebecca was detained at home on account of her sick baby, poor little thing I fear it will never get well it is so puny after he had bid us all farewell he then tried to repeat his religion that can give sweetest pleasure while we live but his young was so palseyed he could scarcely articulate yet amid our affections it was encouraging to see him have such confidence in God. yes dear sister we are not left without hope for I know if I am faithful I shall meet him on the sunny banks of sweet deliverance Bro. McGowen is dead he was buried last friday after suffering for about five months the most extreme suffering. never did I see a person

exhibit more composure then did Bro McGowen he was just as composed as though he had been going to start on a long journey and he seemed to meet death with a smile he was sensible to the very last and died as he had lived a faithful Christian blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

There has been several deaths that you did not know Mr Mercer died in flint very sudden and ~~his~~ her dove died very sudden Brother Hazen and Sister noding and many others their has been 5 members of the Christian Church died since the yearly meeting they all their and took part in our farewell meeting. Oh how many bid farewell that day never to meet on this terestial globe but I trust we will meet them in a better world then this Rebeca baby doant seem to be much better She is very weak and she is swelled very much like dropsy her little boy is very sick now and I fear it will go heard with him Charlie Barr little girl is some better they think and they think she will get well I was very sorry to hear that David was sick oh I doant wonder you have trouble it is a hard strougle for you to bear but Rachel we hope and pray for his safety that he may again return to your embrace if not on this world in a world to come but we must hope for the best this is a hard world to live in hear we must part with the dearest ties that nature is heir to but I trust it is all for the best God knows best and if we put our whole trust and confidence in him all will be well I am sorry you live in such a secish place as you do I wonder if Bro Tompson thinks he can take his riches with him poor man I fear they will avail him but little in the hour of death but such is the

way of the world put not your trust in riches for they may take to them selves wings and fly away John Davis came home last Thursday he had been in the Hospital 8 months and was scarcely able to get home he is in very poor health and I fear he never will be well again he has the disease of the heart and I think his lungs are affected for he coughs very heard so you see their is now and then a poor soldier that has the privilege of comeing home after suffering every thing but death and perhaps crippled or diseased for life when they can do nothing their they send them home but I am glad they can have the privelage of comeing home even if they are not able to do another days work it is a pleasure to have their company but how many their is that doant have that privilage. Old father Dowling come out to preach

Bro. McGowens funeral and he stays and preaches for us over two lordsday. We are having some good meetings and we pray for the success of the Gospel. I wish you could come out and stay with us a while and pass away the time but Rachell doant fret and worry any more then you can help but I expect you doant for I assure you you have friends that sympathise with you hear we all pitty you and pray for you and for him that is far from you tell your dear little girls that aunty appreciated that kiss they sent me and I only wished it had been a reaal one but I thank them for that and I think I will see them this winter or spring for Gid talks of going to the failroad and I want him to go to Waterloo so I can have a chance to go to your house

he may not go their but if he does I mean to go with him as far as your house if the folks are so I can leave home our children go to school we have a very good school I guess I must bring this letter to a close hopeing soon to hear from you write often as you can as we are glad to hear from you so farewell for the preasant kiss your little ones for me give my love to father and mother McBride and reserve a large share yourself and believe me ever your friend and wellwisher

Ellen to Rachell

Many are our sorrows hear/ in various forms they do appear; some may wrecked on beds of pain; and nough can ease their feverd brain/ While others mourn the loss of friends; which death has eased them of their pain; While others on the battle field are lain; Perhaps are numbered with the Slain. / While others bid their friends farewell; And hasteen to the battle field; And not a thought but they'd return; And then embrace their friends at home. / We'll follow them to Southern climes/ Perhaps in Sothsom Hospitals confind; While their they lay all scorch with pain/ Their flag and country to maintain / But we must hope hope for the best / The cloud though dark it soon may pass / And peace again may be restord / And we may live as we did before. (By E.C.D.)

(Written around the sides and top end) I like to forgot to tell you Eliza Jane Stayner has got another boy the first one for a long time. I suppose they feel quite proud of their young Democrat well he is most to young to help the rebels yet and I trust the war will close before he is big enough to help much so much for Eliza Jane she has very poor health it may get better now I guess she can scold yet I guess I never told you that Catharine Johnson is maried She maried Dave Hanselman (a cousin to the preacher David Avson (?)) Hanselmans boy I dont know what she will think now John has come home John thought a great deal of Kate but Dave got the start of him while he was gone but I guess it was good luck for him I should think lucy would feel ashamed of herself She ought to go South and maybe she would get sick of sympathising with the rebellion

*Can't identify this Ellen
who wrote Rachell*

Feb 22nd 1865

Dear sister I take the opportunity this afternoon of answering your very kind letter which came to hand in due time and found us laborable well. We in a sickness and death are anxious as on every hand you see are the spoliate monuments of his amazing mercy the death all things well.

There is a great deal of sickness around us and great many ~~dead~~ ^{dead} Father is dead after a lingering illness of about 9 months in which time he suffered every thing that mortal man could suffer but if he died as he had lived a Christian he seemed sensible the very last time he exhorted us all to be faithful and the last words he said in a better world than this a few hours before he died while we were standing around his bed side saying for a ~~comfort~~ ^{comfort} sake ~~comfort~~ ^{comfort} for his departure he called out ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~she~~ ^{she} his mother and bid her give the other bid us all farewell that was there and we were all their bits he became poor & helpless you know how you go to try the reality of an unseen world not quite a year before and Rebecca was detained at home on account of her sick baby poor little thing I fear it will never get well it is so puny after he had bid us all farewell his other tried to repeat last religion that we can give sweetest pleasure while we have but this living way so pale he could scarcely articulate yet amid our afflictions it was encouraging to see him in such confidence in God yes dear sister we are left with out life for I know if I am foolish I shall meet him on the sunny banks of sweet deliverance that all power is due he was buried last Friday after suffering for about four months the most extreme suffering now I die I die no person

exhibit more composure than did Bro. Miller
he was just as composed as though he had been going
to stand on a long journey and be sure to meet
death with a smile. he was sensible to the very last
and died as he had lived a faithful christian life
as the dead that die in the Lord.

There has been several deaths that you did not
know Mr. Mercer died in Flint very sudden and
Mother, ~~and~~ died very sudden ~~Brother~~ ~~Henry~~ and
Sister nodding and many others there has been 5
members of the christian Church died. Since the
yearly meetings they were all there and took part
in our farewell meeting; the how many last farewell
that day never to meet on this terrestrial globe but
I trust we will meet them in a better world than
this. Victoria baby doesn't seem to be much better
she is very weak and she is pained very much like
the day before little boy is very sick now and I fear
it will go hard with him. Charlotte our little
girl is some better they think and they think she
will get well I was very sorry to hear that David
was sick oh I don't wonder you have trouble it is
a hard struggle for you to bear but Rachell we hope
and pray for his safety that he may again return
to your embrace if not on this world in a world to
come but we must hope for the best this is a hard
world to live in ~~but~~ we must part with our dearest
ties that nature is heir to but I trust it is all for
the best God knows best and if we put our whole
trust and confidence in him all will be well
I am sorry you live in such a seash place as you
do I wonder if Bro. Thompson thinks he can take his
nickles with him for man I fear they will avail him
but little in the hour of death but such is the

ways of the world put not your trust in riches
for they may take to there selves wings and fly
away John Savoy came home last Thursday he
had been in the Hospital 8 months and was
unable to get home he is in very poor health
and I fear he never will be well again he has
the disease of the heart and I think his lungs
are affected for he coughs very hard so you see
there is ~~now and~~ then a poor soldier that has
the privilege of coming home after suffering
every thing but death and perhaps crippled or
diseased for life when they can do nothing their
they send them home but I am glad they can
have the privilege of coming home even if they
are not able to do another days work it is a pleas
ure to have their company but how many there
is that dont have that privilege Old Father
Dowling come out to preach Bro Mc Gowens funeral
and he stays and preaches for us over two lorday
we are having some good meetings and we pray
for the success of the gospel I wish you could
come out and stay with us a while and pass
away the time But Lachell dont fret and
worry any more than you can help but I expect
you dont for I assure you you have friends
that sympathize with you ~~he~~ ~~we~~ ~~especially you~~
and pray for you and for him that is far from
you tell your dear little girl that ourly offe
excuse that ~~kid~~ they sent me and I only wished
it had been a real one but I thank them
for that and I think I will see them this
month of spring for yest talky of going to the
railroad and I want him to go to wablor so
I can have a chance to go to your house

Ellen to Rachell

Many are our sorrows here
The various forms they do appear
Some may wrecked on beds of pain
etne rough can ease their fever'd brain

11 ^{the} ~~the~~ will mourn the loss of friends
which death has eased them of their pain
12 ^{the} ~~the~~ others on the battle field are buried
2 perhaps are numbered with the slain

While others bid their friends farewell
and hasten to the battle field
not a thought ~~is~~ but they'll return
and then embrace their friends at home

Will follow them to southern climes
Perhaps in London Hospitals confined
While their ~~they~~^{all} scorch with pain
Their flag and country to maintain

and we must hope hope for the best.
The clouds though dark it soon may pass.
Our peace again may be restored
Thus we may live as we did before. (By B.C.D.)

I like to forgot to tell you Eliza Jane Staynes has got another boy the first one for a long time I suppose they feel private peace of their young generation well he is about to marry to help the rebels get away & trust the war will close when he is big enough to help much for much better Eliza Jane she has been more health & may get better now & get you

The Separation
Written by Mary E. McBride

..... indicates paper gone

(This is the paper which has been badly torn or chewed at the left side of all sheets)

I've breathed to you my last good bye/ I've sighed my last farewell; And now your name is shrine'd alone/ In memory's deepest cell/ The past must be forgotten/ With the bright hopes it put onand I must live and act...as though we never had known....breathed to you my last farewell/ the saddest ere was wrung/ in the agony of parting/ from a mortals trembling tongue. / For to part with you forever/ Was far more than I could bear/ And the cloud that wrapt my spirit/ was the dark cloud of despair/

Oh had you only prised..../ with a boyish fitful pride/ you might throw away my friendship/ as a thing to be supplied/ I loved as none had ever loved/ whatever their love might be/ Else would not parting with you wring.../ such bitter pangs from... Yet musing on what might.../ I dream my time away.../ Tis idle as my early dreams../ But Ah 'tis not so gay/ If aught of pleasure yet is mine/ a pleasure mixed with pain/ Tis pondering on the days gone by/ which ne'er may come again.

...thee, Dear one, I fondly sighed/ For thee I now repine/ Since fate has sworn in solemn words/ Thou never canst be mine/ Yet fondly do I love thee still/ Though hope never mingleth there/ A wilder passion sways me now/ 'tis love joined to despair./ll! A world whose gayest scenes/...pleasure bring to me/...its smile did I not think / It may give joy to thee./ But, if thou ever lov'dst like me/ no joy will light thine eye/ Save transient gleams, like wintry suns/ that tells that love will die.

the alteration
written by George E. McBride

I've treasured to you my last good bye
I've signed my last farewell
and now your name is shamed alone
In memory's deepest cell...

The past must be forgotten
With the bright - kind that are
it and I must live and act
so I think we are ~~bad~~ ~~strong~~

that it won me last ~~farewell~~
the saddest we can ever
In the evening
From a mother's trembling tongue

It's to part with you ~~wishes~~
This far more than I could say
I've left the cloud that wrapped my spirit
With the dear cloud of ~~despair~~

Can but you only wished
To a length fulfil time
or might take away my friendship
Or cause me to be suspicious

... as and we yet stand
Under their eye might be
The fault in the starting with more form
Such bitter songs from

Yet unwilling can ~~feel~~ ~~feel~~
I dream my love now
She with me my early dream
Unto this! this must be gone

Want of pleasure yet it mine
Pleasure mixed with pain
nothing in the days gone by
With such empty faith come

These, Dear ones, I hardly signified
For these, I now confess
These fate has drawn in sober mind
These must be words the mine

Yet fondly do I lose thee still
Though hope ever mingled here
of wider passion may be now
This close friend do desire

Let at world while quiet hours
Pleasure bring I am
No such lost not
It may give

Buts is thou ever darkest like me
No joy will fill thine eye
Save transient gleams like winter suns
With a few others I have paid

Newspaper clippings

Died

In Waterloo City, May 1, 1863, of Consumption Robert ... Long, aged 36 years.

Lines on the death of DAVID A. McBRIDE, a private in Co. G. 54th Reg. Ind. Vols., who died of camp disease, on the steamer Dixie Vernon, Jan. 19, 1863. Published by request of Mrs. Rachel S. McBride.

Farewell my dear husband, I here yet remain,
But if I live faithful, I'll meet you again
In a world that is free from sorrow and pain
Where no more will be heard the cries of the slain.

Where no fierce storm or tempest, or thunder shall roll,
Where the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul;
Where peace, joy and pleasure forever shall reign,
We'll live there together with God and the Lamb.

Oh hard was the time when we bid thee farewell,
From the scenes of thy home, O, no one can tell,
The tears of deep sorrow how freely did flow,
When the time it did come that bid thee to go.

Away from thy friends in a far distant land,
To meet the proud foe in a southern clime;
While there among strangers, far from thy home,
Away from thy friends, thou must die alone.

No loved one was there to soothe thy death bed,
No darling sweet babe one lone tear to shed;
But far from strangers, thou must die alone,
Far, far from thy friends and the pleasures of home.

But sweet is the thought when freed from all care,
We will meet with our loved one that has gone on before;
Their aid the sweetest of music forever to reign,
All praise shall be given to God and the Lamb.

E. C. D.

(newspaper clipping)

OBITUARY

William Brugh was born in Seneca County, Ohio, on January 11th, 1845, and died at his home in Traverse City on November 6th, 1926, aged 81 years, 9 months and 5 days.

At the age of two and one-half years his father moved his family to Stuben County, Indiana, travelling in covered wagons. His boyhood was spent there. On March 20th, 1872, he was united in marriage to Emma L. McBride. To this union were born two sons, Glen, who resides in Grand Rapids, and Ray of Traverse City; five daughters, Mrs. Nellie High and Mrs. Maude Putt of Hudson, Indiana, Mrs. Daisy Getts of Kendallville, Indiana, Mrs. Ivy Pettengill of Oviatt, Michigan, and Mrs. Hazel Devendorf of Traverse City. There are also twenty-eight grandchildren, and ten great grandchildren.

The deceased brought his family from Indiana to Michigan in 1882, locating at Oviatt, Michigan. In what was practically a wilderness at that time. The past twelve years he has spent in Traverse City.

Besides the children there is a sister, Mrs. Mary Hagerman of Hillsdale, Michigan, and his wife, Emma L. Brugh, and a host of friends and neighbors who will mourn his loss.

CIVIL WAR
LETTERS TO
RACHEL S. MC BIDE

Civil War Letters to Rachel S. McBride

1. Jan. 12, 1862

This letter is to Rachel McBride wife of David A. McBride. It is written from Evansville, Ind. Hospital where Rachel's brother John L. Shatto died while in military service. He was a private of Company K. 44 Regiment Indiana Volunteers enrolled 25 days, Sept. 1861 at DeKalb Co. Ind. for 3 years - died Dec. 16, 1861 at Evansville Ind. of Hemorrhage of Lungs. Age 21. Source: Milt. Record National Archives. Milt. Record has typed fever & hemorrhage of bowels. He is buried in Fairfield Center Cemetery, DeKalb Co. Ind. Tombstone is readable.

2. Jan 26, 1862

This is a letter to Rachel from E. C. Davis (Ellen C. Davis) In letter 9 - she has "Ellen to Rachel" and speaks of being "aunt" to Rachel's girls. She sent letter 9 from Flint, Mich?

Letter 2 was written to Rachel following the death of Rachel's brother John L. Shatto.

3. Feb. 3, 1862 - Letter David to Rachel written from Ravenna, Ohio

This letter was written when David was enroute through Ohio. David's father Richard M. McBride was married to Samantha Smith 15 May 1823 Case No. 1-358, Ravenna, Portage Co. Ohio. Ravenna is where David and his sister Maria Jane (McBride) Thompson were born.

CIVIL WAR
LETTER'S CONT.

4. Oct. 25, 1862

Letter from Camp Sullivan to Rachel

In this letter he talks of neighbors who lived in the Cedar Lake, Smithfield twp, DeKalb Co. Ind. area. Casleman, Brand, Shoemaker, & Triplett descendants still live in this area.

5. Oct. 25, 1862 Burnside Barracks (David to Rachel)

I have this letter in original form. It is very fragile and yellowed with age. This is the letter that describes camp conditions and is the most descriptive of treatment of men who didn't enlist.

6. Jan 29, 1863 Poem on Slavery by David A. McBride
Mailed to Rachel 11 days after David's death.
Post mark, Henderson, Kentucky.

7. Mar. 4, 1863 Newspaper Clipping - David's death.

8. Poem written by Ellen Davis published in paper at Rachel request. This on the death of David.

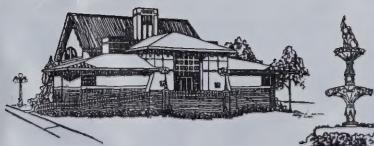
9. Feb. 22, 1863

This is a letter to Rachel from Ellen C. Davis. It also has a poem written by her. I haven't found any relationship between Rachel & Ellen Davis. They may have been close friends. This letter is written from Flint ____?
(Flint, Mich.?)

Source: All letters were copied and typed by Lois Lehman (1994 Address is 200 W. Cornwall #109, Cary N.C. 27511) She has all the originals except No. 5 which I have.

copied Apr. 30, 1994

Lureah J. DeVoe
729 Riley Rd.
Kendallville, IN 46755



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material borrowed.

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